

DEATH LEAP OF RICH MAN DUE TO INSOMNIA

Eugene Munsell Sends Wife Away, Then Plunges From Top Floor Window.

WORRY, WORK, GRIEF.

Death in India of Partner in Mica Insulating Company Added to His Cares.

Eugene Munsell, president of the Mica Insulating Company, and a man who has held a prominent place in the New York business world for two decades, killed himself today by plunging from the window of his home, on the seventh floor of the Van Dyke apartment house, seventy-second street and Broadway, after cunningly evading his wife, who had been watching at his bedside for many hours, fearing just such a tragedy.

Mr. Munsell was driven to his life by nervous depression, following the death of his intimate friend and business partner, Frank Brooks, who died in India a year ago, and to business worries which have beset him during the past winter.

The office of Mica Insulating Company until a month ago was located at No. 23 Water street, with a factory in Schenectady and branch establishments in London and India. The office is now located at No. 68 Church street. The moving was left entirely to Mr. Munsell.

Since the death of Mr. Brooks the affairs of the company had devolved upon him and Louis W. Kingsley, the third partner in the company. Mr. Kingsley has been in bad health for months and the responsibility of running the business and moving caused Mr. Munsell to overwork.

Victim of Insomnia.

For more than a week he had been in such a nervous state that he could not sleep. Even when drugs were administered sleep failed to come and his condition became serious.

His wife, whom he married ten years ago, and who was formerly Mrs. Harriet Wheeler, widow of Alonzo Wheeler, and his stepdaughter, Miss Margaret Wheeler, decided yesterday that Isaac had temporarily unbalanced Mr. Munsell's reason.

When Mr. Munsell went to his apartments with his wife and stepdaughter he went to bed and tossed about for hours, and sleep would not come. About 8 o'clock this morning he turned to Mrs. Munsell, who had remained patiently at his side, and said:

"Harriet, I wish you would get me something to drink."

Mrs. Munsell slipped quietly from the room, and was gone only a minute or so. When she returned her husband was missing. Mr. Munsell had gone to the front room, which overlooked both Broadway and Seventy-second street, and raised the window on the Broadway side. After getting out to the coping he had pushed down the window shade, and when Mrs. Munsell came looking for him she did not suspect that he was on the ledge outside, ready to spring to his death.

Joseph Bowie, an electrician employed in the subway tower at Seventy-second street, was just starting to his home, No. 102 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, and had come out of the subway for a breath of fresh air when Mr. Munsell's body shot past him and landed far out into Broadway. Bowie called policeman John White and said:

"That man there leaped from the seventh story of the Van Dyke. I saw him."

Fell Unconscious at News.

When White reached the apartments Mrs. Munsell and her daughter were running about the rooms calling. Mrs. Munsell was saying:

"Eugene, where are you? Where are you?"

The policeman rapped at the door with his nightstick, and as the door opened the wind blew the window shade back from the open window. Mrs. Munsell crossed the threshold then for the first time and fell unconscious.

Runyan Pyatt, a cousin of Mr. Munsell, who lives at the Hotel Regent, Seventh street and Broadway, said that Mr. Munsell's worries were all imaginary.

FOR MR. JEROME.

(From an Evening Post Editorial.)

Mr. Jerome falls wholly to discriminate between newsmen and makes gross blunders as to his facts. For instance, Mr. Jerome asserted that when a "prominent man" was murdered in a department store not a single newspaper in this city dared to give the name of that store.

Had he taken the trouble to look for himself, he would have found that not only did the Evening Post record the event as having happened at Macy's, but the Evening World and the Evening Sun as well. The Mail, the Globe, the Telegram and the Evening Journal did not mention it. The Evening World even put the name of the store in its headlines, and the majority of the morning newspapers have every day since the murder given the name of the store.

Mr. Jerome of course has a right to expect exact statements, did injustice to half of the press of the city.

British Cruiser and American Liner Which Disabled Her; Captain of the Yankee Steamer.



HEROINE OF SIX DIES IN SAVING HER BABY SISTER

Margaret Marooney Killed by Taxicab in Dragging Infant From Harm.

Attempting to drag her younger sister, Catherine, out of the path of a rushing taxicab, six-year-old Margaret Marooney, of No. 69 Carmine street, was almost instantly killed today.

Catherine, who is three and a half years old, whose life brave little Margaret saved, was struck by the automobile and buried to one side, sustaining minor bruises.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a neighbor of the Marooneys, carried Catherine up the five flights of stairs to the Marooney rooms and there treated the little sufferer. Chauffeur Joseph Mulvey leaped from his cab when he had stopped the vehicle and lifting Margaret from the pavement hurried with her in his arms into a neighboring drug store. There Margaret opened her eyes and murmured:

"Dad Katie get hurt!"

Then heroic Margaret took two long breaths and died. Mulvey wept at the side of the little corpse, the small white face of which was stained with the dirt of the street and a tiny blood speck.

Mulvey remained until the police came, and then he inquired regarding his fare, a stylishly dressed woman who had witnessed every detail of the tragedy. When she saw Mulvey raise the dying child from the street the woman, who at present is unknown to the police, stepped out of the cab and walked quickly away without inquiring after the fate of the children.

Little Catherine will recover. The mother was away from home all week cleaning at the church when the accident happened.

CHILDREN SEE

BOY KILLED BY

FALL NEAR THEM.

A crowd of children were dancing in a ring in the court yard between two model tenements, Nos. 328 and 330 One Hundred and Second street, this afternoon, when suddenly the body of a little boy fell among them. He was Charley Goldberg, a pretty little four-year-old, and a minute before one of the older girls had warned him about playing on the stairs five stories up.

Charley was on a landing connecting two houses when one of the girls, Lena Leventhal, who was in the crowd below, saw him.

"You'd better go right in, Charley," she called. "You'll fall."

Charley, however, paid no attention, and the next the children knew was his little body falling almost into the ring where they were dancing.

The children ran screaming, some into the houses and some out into the street to call a policeman. The girl who had spoken to the child and her sister Panny, although they are only twelve and ten years old, picked up the body, and between them carried it upstairs.

The boy was killed instantly. He fell on a concrete pavement and struck head first.

BOY KILLED BY

COLLAPSE OF

ROOF OF CAVE.

Norman Holmes, twelve years old, was smothered to death today by the collapse of the roof of a cave which he and his boy companions had spent many long hours in making. His father is John T. Holmes, a wealthy cement dealer, with offices at Tarrytown. The

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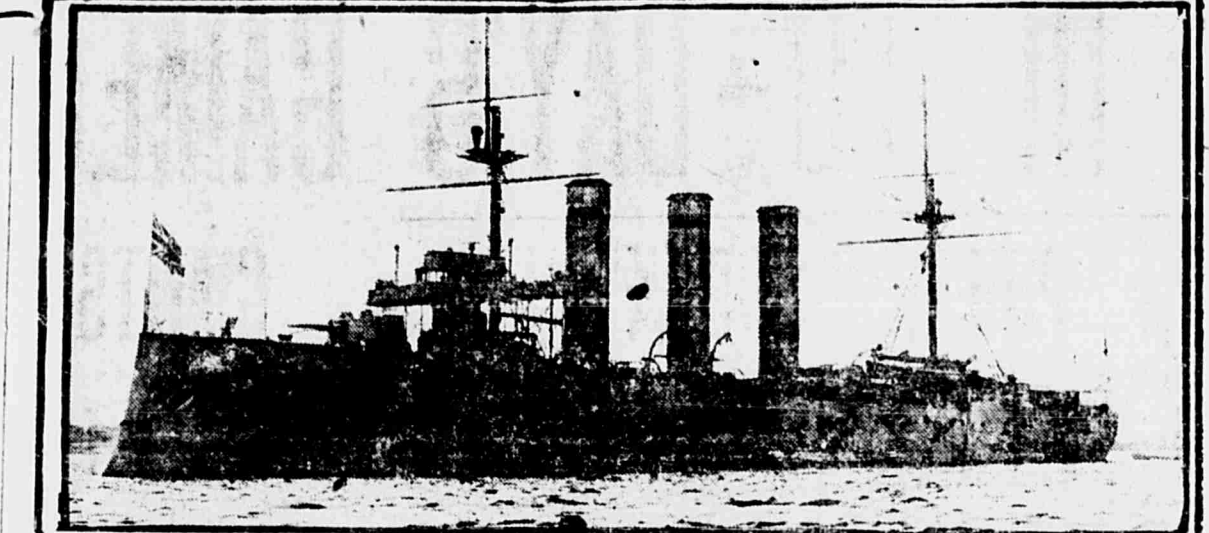
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THE GLADIATOR.

family lives in a handsome house at No. 161 West End avenue.

At the moment of the collapse Norman called to his companions. They escaped. Police and firemen worked thirty-five minutes to get at the body, but life was extinct before they reached it.

The cave was in a vacant lot along the Van Dyke apartment house, at No. 70 West End avenue. It was a very roomy den, about ten feet long and about half as broad. Every afternoon this week the boys had spent putting the cave in shape for the grand fête which had been set for today.

Besides Norman, the boy cave dwellers were John Chapman, of No. 312 West Ninety-seventh street, Solida Medico, of No. 74 West End avenue, and Eugene and Joseph Jenkins, of No. 316 West Ninety-seventh street.

The boys sat around discussing the Buffalo Bill show, which they had all seen, when Dick began to fall from the roof.

"Get out, quick, it's caving in!" Norman shouted. He wanted the other boys to get out first.

A crowd gathered and everybody started to dig. Word was carried to Norman's mother, and at the moment of her arrival she came some fifteen feet from the engine-house on Ninety-seventh street. They had shovels and picks, and in a half hour the body was found.

Norman's mother had fainted upon reaching the scene and was taken home by sympathetic hands.

BOY LOSES FINGERS

IN PLAYING WITH

A CARTRIDGE.

Our story as to what would happen if a lighted match were held under a "real loaded cartridge" this afternoon caused Joseph Pano, fourteen years old, of No. 324 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, to lose all the fingers and the thumb of his right hand. The hand itself may have to be amputated.

The boy was playing with other lads when he found a thirty-two calibre cartridge. Pano suggested that the lighted match be held under the cartridge. After the explosion Pano ran away into the house and the other boys did in flight.

When the men concluded that the fingers should be taken out Casey so informed his chief.

"We've torn him loose from the ropes, boss!" he shouted up through the elevator shaft, "I've got him!"

"All right," said Bender triumphantly to Walton, who was also standing at the door. "I was right—you have been fooling with those meters. Where's the elevator?"

Then it was that the real estate agent made the remark quoted above, and no argument or threat from the inspector could move him.

"Get us out of here," shouted Casey. "Sure, there's no light in the candle we brought is gone," and Bender's explanation of Walton's determination in the matter only resulted in a series of knocking on the iron door and howls of "Makin' us put those meters back!"

"If you don't let them stay," Bender was shouting, "I'll get some kind of a warrant charging with committing a felony, and here he'll remain unless he gives bail until tomorrow morning when his case is called."

Bender made several trips between the police station and the cellar trying to cheer his men and move Walton, but the latter only laughed at him, though the hands of Walton and the workmen groaned and swore and complained of the darkness and the damp air.

THE AUTO RACE.

Words and music of Manuel Klein's automobile song from the Hippodrome will be given with next Sunday's World.

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STANDARD OIL TO RECAPITALIZE AT \$500,000,000

Plans Ready to Increase Securities Five Times Present Figures.

Reports current in Wall street for some time that the recapitalization of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—the parent organization—is soon to be increased from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000 were confirmed by The Evening World today through an official source. Since his return from Bermuda ten days ago, H. H. Rogers, vice-president and controlling manager of the corporation, has been engaged with a corps of lawyers working out the details of the recapitalization plan, which will be announced to the public as soon as the conditions warrant.

"Steps have already been taken," a man who is conversant with the inside workings of Standard Oil told The Evening World, "to increase the recapitalization in proportion to the earnings. It is the policy of the Standard Oil Company to bring the capital of the subsidiary and parent organizations to a figure more in keeping with the assets. It may come next year—and it may come sooner."

In speaking of next year, the Standard Oil man used characteristic Standard Oil tactics. The increase in recapitalization as a matter of fact, is due at any time.

That knowledge of the proposed increase has not been spread solely to the extraordinary advance Standard Oil stock has made since the panic. During the troublous days of last winter the stock sold down to \$80.

Standard Oil Reaches 614.

Then came a steady rise. In the last month the stock has gone up more than 100 points. It was sold on the curb today at 614.

The capital stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is divided into 1,000,000 shares, which have a par value of \$100 a share. On the basis of the price of the stock today, the value of the Standard Oil capitalization is \$61,400,000. But when dividends are paid, they are naturally figured by the public not upon the market value of the stock but upon the par value.

The net profits of the Standard Oil Company last year were \$10,000,000. The Standard Oil capitalization is \$61,400,000. The net profits of the Standard Oil Company last year were \$10,000,000.

That the company is in a measure justified has been admitted by John D. Archibald, the public champion of the Standard Oil Company, and one of its brightest officers, in several magazine articles of late. Mr. Archibald tends that the profits, when figured upon the actual investment of the corporation, are not so small as the critics of other great corporations that have been built up by modern business methods.

So, in a measure, the forthcoming increase in the capitalization is in response to public sentiment. If the recapitalization had been capitalized at \$500,000,000 last year, the profits would have been \$10,000,000. The net profits of the Standard Oil Company last year were \$10,000,000.

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FATALLY HURT IN FALL FROM ISLAND BRIDGE

Workman Drops Ninety Feet From Narrow Runway to Asphalt Pavement.

James Sullivan, an iron worker, walked along a narrow runway on the Blackwell's Island bridge today carrying a small beam on his shoulder. He was looking straight ahead and had walked probably fifty feet when a fellow workman called out to him: "Look out for that iron beam!"

The man's warning was too late. Sullivan had not seen a piece of iron in front of him, and he stubbed his toe, lurching violently forward. He made an effort to regain his balance, but fell over sideways and dropped a distance of ninety feet, the beam falling with him.

Sullivan was on the Manhattan end of the new bridge, not on the tower, which is about seventy-five feet higher than the bridge proper. He went down like a shot and landed on a macadamized road at Sutton place and Sixtieth street, Pelhamman Beane, of the East Sixty-sixth street station, picked the iron worker up, unconscious, and he was taken in an ambulance to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Dr. Lang, of the hospital staff, examined Sullivan and said his skull was fractured and that he had internal injuries. He died shortly after being taken to the hospital. He is the fifth of six workmen to fall from the Blackwell's Island Bridge in twenty-eight years old and lives at No. 184 Van Dyke street, Brooklyn.

VISITORS AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE RESTRICTED.

Gallery Is Reopened, but Members Must Accompany All Outsiders Who Use It.

In the weekly bulletin of the New York Stock Exchange there appears today an item which says that "by resolution of the Governing Committee no person will hereafter be admitted to the visitors' gallery unless accompanied by a member, the member remaining with the visitor."

Some months ago the gallery was closed, ostensibly for repairs, but it was noted around at that time that there was fear on the part of some of the members that some crank or malicious person might gain entrance to the gallery and commit some act of violence. The officials vigorously denied this, however.

On Monday the visitors' gallery will open again but subject to the restrictions as laid out in today's bulletin.

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